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THE FUTURE HOPE.
A SONG OF THE IRISH BRIGADE. A DEDICATION
TO THE IRISH BRIGADE.
AIR.—Cathleen Ni Houlihan.
Let us lift the green flag high.
Underneath this foreign sky.

Unroll the verdant volume to the wind.

As we march to the fight, march to the fight,
Let us drink a last good night.

To the beauty which we leave, boy, behind, march to the
hind;

To the beauty which we leave, boy, behind, marching
high upon the breach.

Play it high upon the breach.

Within the flag-staff's reach.

We'll offer it the tribute of our gaze.

Ye! off that after high, general.

Spite of tyrants we can do,

And our spirits to the saints above may soar, soar, soar;

And our spirits to the saints above may soar.

Ellery's gone, and

Now the gulf leads us on.

And specks gloomy slavery's night:

If freedom's standard bark.

Have not founders in the dark?

Her wreck must see this beacon bright, bright, bright.

Her wreck will see this beacon bright.

Ye! glory's shining light,

Must irradiate the night,

And renew the dawning splendor of the day.

And freedom's sinking crew,

Shall recover hope anew,

And hail the blazing splendor of this ray, ray, ray,

And hail the blinding splendor of this ray.

A man the air,

Son of earth and sun,

To the broad and world column quick advance.

On the summit we may fall,

Let us drink a last adieu to merry France, France,

France;

Let us drink a last adieu to merry France,

To Erin, comrades, too,

And her sunny skies of blue,

A goblet containing wine,

The green shamrock shall entwine;

But the Ancient see the Sun-burst rear, rear, rear;

The Ancient see the Sun-burst rear,

Standard bearer, as I sing, stand down—O'K.

PRE-EMPTION RIGHTS ASSIGNABLE.

An erroneous impression prevails in some parts of the country that under late rulings of the interior Department all inchoate pre-empt rights are assignable. Careful inquiry shows that the following is the practice of the Department in accordance with a decision of the Federal Supreme Court. "In the case of Myers against Secoff," it held that where no inchoate assignment is contained in a statute giving special pre-emption rights, such as the Act of July 23, 1866, authorizing pre-emption entries by bona fide purchasers under rejected Mexican grants, the right of pre-emption is assignable or inhereitable, but in cases arising under the general pre-emption law, which does contain such an inchoate, no right of assignment exists or can be recognized prior to entry. The public should understand, however, that the practice of the Department under Commissioner Wilson and his predecessors has been modified in every important particular, namely, so as to now hold that after an entry has been perfected under the general pre-emption laws, the duplicate receipt may be assigned and a patent will be issued to the assignee.

ST. FRANCISCO LAND CASE BEFORE THE U. S. SU. PREM. COURT.

The case of Calipia vs. Page, from the Circuit Court for California, was argued before the Supreme Court, involving the title to certain lands in San Francisco formerly belonging to one Franklin G. Gray. Both parties derive title from him, and Galpin brought an ejectment suit to recover possession of the premises, in pursuance of the proceedings in the Probate Court of the county, claiming that he had the superior right. The judgment of the Court below sustained the title of the defendant. The question is one of priority of title. Messrs. Carlisle & McPherson and E. L. Good are the defendants, and P. G. Galpin for the plaintiff.

IRISH NEWS.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION IN DUBLIN IN FAVOR OF HOME RULE.

An immense demonstration in favor of Home Rule took place in Dublin on last Sunday the 26th, the anniversary of the execution of Allen, Larvin and O'Brien. It is estimated that 60,000 persons took part in the procession and mass meeting which followed. Speeches were made by Messrs. Butt, Martin and others. No disturbance occurred.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT BY THE SECRETARIES OF THE HOME RULE ORGANIZATION.

It is stated that the Queen's County Amnesty Committee are about to institute proceedings against the policeman who tore down the placards summoning an Amnesty Meeting in Maryborough, which was doused in Mountjoy.

A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE TAMPERING WITH THE SCREWDOWN OF THE BALLOT.

The case of Mr. Henry Unkles, J. P., who has been sentenced to a week's imprisonment by the Cork magistrate for having, while acting as a personation agent for Mr. Pim at the last election in this city, disclosed how an illiterate elector named Delay had voted, was argued in the Court of Queen's Bench, to which Mr. Unkles has appealed. The conviction was impeached, on the ground that the decisions of the magistrates who dismissed the charge with pre-emption when it was originally brought forward by Mr. Ronayne, M. P., were equivalent to an acquittal, and a bar to the subsequent prosecution at suit of the Attorney-General, and that no proof had been given in the latter proceedings of Fely having been voted at all. The arguments had not concluded up to the 6th inst.

TO OBTAIN FOR OUR COUNTRY THE RIGHT AND PRIVILEGE OF MANAGING OUR OWN AFFAIRS BY A PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED IN IRELAND COMPOSED OF HER MAJESTY THE SOVEREIGN AND HER SUCCESSORS AND THE LEADERS OF COMMONS OF IRELAND.

TO SECURE FOR THAT PARLIAMENT, UNDER A FEDERAL ARRANGEMENT, THE RIGHT OF LEGISLATING FOR AND REGULATING ALL MATTERS RELATING TO THE INTERNAL AFFAIRS OF IRELAND AND CONTROL OVER IRISH SOURCES AND REVENUES, SUBJECT TO THE OBLIGATION OF CONTRIBUTING OUR JUST PROPORTION OF THE IMPERIAL EXPENDITURE.

TO LEAVE TO AN IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT THE POWER OF DEALING WITH ALL QUESTIONS AFFECTING THE IMPERIAL CROWN AND GOVERNMENT, LEGISLATION REGARDING THE COLONIES AND OTHER DEPENDENCIES OF THE CROWN, THE RELATIONS OF THE UNITED EMPIRE WITH FOREIGN STATES, AND ALL MATTERS APPERTAINING TO THE DEFENCE AND THE STABILITY OF THE EMPIRE AT LARGE. TO OBTAIN AN ADJUSTMENT OF THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES WITHOUT ANY INTERFERENCE WITH THE PREROGATIVES OF THE CROWN, OR ANY DISTURBANCE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THE IRISH CLUB, DUBLIN.

At a meeting of the members of the above club held on Monday evening in their rooms, Dornimick street, Mr. William J. Leahy in the chair—it was proposed by Mr. Patrick Kelley, and seconded by Mr. Thomas Smith.

That the members of this club attend the meeting to be held in Dublin on the 23d of this month, and that each member wear a black cravat and green bow.

EXCURSION IN DUBLIN.

On yesterday an excursion train left from Westport to Dublin, calling at the intermediate stations. A large number of excursionists left from Westport, Castlebar, Balla, Claremorris, and Ballymunnis. Those excursion trips are of great advantage to the traders of the different towns, who can go to Dublin at a small expense and purchase goods to their advantage.

Mr. Disraeli made a political speech in Glasgow lately. He severely criticised the Spanish Government and predicted a great struggle in Europe between the spiritual and temporal powers.

He feared the conflict would result in anarchy, and declared partisans of home rule in Ireland would unmask and show Great Britain their real designs.

ANOTHER RING TRIAL—HE BECOMES PROTHETIC.

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

MAGNUS THE GREAT.

FROM JAS BROOK'S "HEROES OF IRISH POETRY."

This poem is one of those compositions on Finn and his Finian warriors, whose exploits were a favorite theme of the Irish bards. It describes the overthrow of Magnus, a northern prince, and invader of Ireland, by Finn and his militia. Like the generality of the Finian poems, it begins with a dialogue between Finn's famous son, the warrior-bard Oisin, and St. Patrick, till whose time (it is feigned) that Oisin had lived, and was converted (though it would appear, very imperfectly) to Christianity. Of these Finian poems, Miss Brooke says, "In all of them, the antiquary discovers traces of a later period than that in which Oisin flourished; and most of them are supposed to be the compositions of the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries. But, be they what age they may," she adds, "as productions abounding with numberless beauties, they plead for preservation, and recommend themselves to taste; and at the very latest period to which it is possible to ascribe them, they must certainly relate to an age of much antiquity, and reflect much light on manners, customs and events."

OISIN. ST. PATRICK.

OISIN.
I care not for thee, senseless clerk!
Nor all thy psalming throng.
Whose stupid sonia, unwisely dark,
Reject the light of song:
Unheeding, while it pours the strain,
With Finian glory swell'd;
Such as thy thought can scarce conta'nt,
Thine eye has never beheld!

ST. PATRICK.
Pardon, great chief!—I meant no ill;
Sweet is to me thy song;
And high the themes and lofty skill
Its noble strains prolong:
Sing, then, sweet bard! thy purpos'd tale,
While gladly I stand;
And let me on thy grace prevail,
Iis lovely soul doth land.

OISIN.
Once, while we chas'd the dark-brown deer,
Along the sea-girt plain,
We saw a distant fleet appear,
Advancing on the main.

Quick ceas'd the hunk—t' east, to west
Our rapid mandate hid;
With instant march the Fenii prest
To join their leader's side.

Beneath the chief of mighty fame,
Whom lovely Morra bore,
Seven warlike bands to join us came,
Collected on the shore.

Then Finn, the soul of Erin's might,
With fame and conquest crown'd;
To deeds of glory to incite,
Address'd the heroes round.

Which of my chiefs the first will go
To you insulted shore,
And bravely meet the daring foe,
Their purpose to explore?

THE FENIAN.
"Fergus, the son of Finn, and brother of Oisin,
Whence are those hosts? Come they the force
Of Finian arms to brav'—
Or wherefore do they steer their course
O'er Erin's guarded wave?"

THE REPLY.
"Mac-Mehe, of the crimson shields,
Fierce Magnus heads our bands,
Who Lochlin's mighty sceptre wields,
And mighty hosts commands."

THE FENIAN.
"Why does he thus our coasts explore,
And hither lead his pow'?"

"If peace conducts him to our shore,
He comes in happy hour."

The furious Magnus swift reply'd,
With fierce and haughty boast,
The King whose navy's speckled pride,
Defend our martial host."

"I come, he cried, from Oemhal's son
To hostage to obtain;

"And, as the need of conquest won,
His spouse and dog to gain.

"His Bran ** whose feets mocks the wind,
His spouse of gentle love."

"Let them be now to me resign'd,
My mightier arm to prove."

* In reference to these hunting matches, which used to be held in the forest of Finn, and every year the winter says the old Irish, "The game came out of the forest experts soldiers, and no nation could exceed them in rapid marches, quick retreats and sudden sallies. By this was it that the Fenians baffled the armies of South Britain, and the Roman legions were beaten."

** Namely the Finians, or Irish militia.

Fergus, the son of Finn, and brother of Oisin, was the chief poet of the Finians. He is styled Fibheoll, or of the sweet voice, and mentioned in the legend of the war with surrounding powers, having been as many battles as Homer has given to his Jupiter. It is likewise related that his eloquence was his eloquence that, united with his rank, he acquired him an almost universal ascendancy. He was the author of the legend of his disposition and temper, as for his poetical abilities. Several pieces attributed to him are yet extant. In reference to this embassy of Fergus to Magnus, it is to be observed that amongst the old Irish, before the general use of trumpets, it was the duty of heralds, and with loud voices to sound an alarm, call troops together &c.

The Danish shields were usually crimson colored.

Lochlin, or Scandinavia, the name of Scandinavia, or Denmark, Norway, and Sweden in German.

The allusion meant to be conveyed by the original word "breas" or "speckle" has not been explained.

** Finn's dog Bran, renowned in bardic tale and song for his fidelity and great endowments.

(To be continued.)

NUMEROUS actions against Resident Magistrates. On the 24th ult., in the Consolidated Chambers in the case of John Rae, the well known Belfast solicitor, against Mr. Orme, R. M., an action to recover damages for ordering him to be imprisoned seven days for contempt of Court. Baron Dowse granted defendant leave to plead several defences in justification of the course he has adopted. A similar order was granted out of an action against Mr. Plunkett, R. M. Mr. Rae had seven other actions proceeding against Belfast magistrates for assaults, false imprisonment, &c.

Thomas Webb, who died recently at the age of eighty-two, is said to be the oldest bookseller in Dublin, if not in Ireland.

Romance of Real Life—Old Prisons.

BY FRANK THORPE PORTER, ESQ., A. M.

CHAPTER II.

In less than two months from this time, an exchange of prisoners was effected; Captain Vesey and the count parted with mutual regret and reciprocal assurances of the strongest friendship. A few minutes before they were separated, the count mentioned to him, that to disabuse Vaughan of any idea that he entertained a bad opinion of him, he had procured for him the grade of sergeant. As the captain was stepping into the vehicle to leave Lille, a female handed him a small parcel, on opening which he found the watch, chain, and appendages of which he had been disposed at Castleknock.

The military operations of the English were for some time, extensive and diversified, and during eleven years Vesey did not revisit Ireland. He had been in India, in America, and finally became a prisoner to the French, in 1756, when the Duke de Richelieu captured Minorca. There Colonel Vesey not soon with the Count de St. Woostan. Their friendship was renewed, and Vesey obtained permission, upon parole, to visit Paris, where the count was proceeding with despatch. He casually enquired for Vaughan, and was informed by the count that soon after their first parting Vaughan's brother, Sylvester, had arrived from Ireland, joined his regiment, and was killed at the battle of Baccoum, where the elder Martin, was severely wounded, and had consequently become an inmate of the *Hôtel des Invalides*. There Colonel Vesey found the man, whose escape from an ignominious death had often occasioned perplexing conjectures to his prosecutor. The old sergeant evinced great pleasure at the colonel's visit, attended him through the establishment, and having conducted him into one of the arbours, which the veterans of the *Invalides* have, from the very commencement of the institution, cultivated with peculiar care and taste, he offered the colonel a seat under an agreeable shade, where there was no danger of their communications being overheard, and requested him to listen to the narrative of his escape from the "old prison." "I need not now, sir," he added, "ask any condition from you, for the man who arranged the business is dead; no one can now be injured by the disclosure. I have bitterly mourned the disgraceful affair which has banished me from my native country, and led to the loss of my poor brother, whom I presumed to join in the crime of robbing you. God knows my heart—I would willingly make restitution of your property, but I shall never possess the means. It was a great consolation that I was able to do a little service after Fontenoy, and I felt a certain happiness when I parted from me at Lille."

"My good friend," said the colonel, "as to the affair at Castleknock, I would wish you never to mention it again. I have, however, a great curiosity to know how you avoided the fate which, to say the truth, I supposed you had undergone."

"We took the money, sir," said Martin, "and placed it in a strong bag. We hid it neither in house, garden, nor field, but in a deep part of the river Liffey, below the Salmon Leap. There was a stout cord about ten feet in length, from the bag to a heavy weight, so that the cord could be easily caught by a drag. Well, I was convicted and sentenced, and there were four other men condemned at the same time, and we were all to be executed together. One was a forger, and three were house breakers. We each occupied a separate cell in the condemned yard. The gaoler came in two or three times a day, whilst the cells were open, and I soon remarked that he took very little notice of any of the others, but spoke pretty often to me. On the third day after our sentence I was in my cell, counting my days and trying to count my hours, making pictures in my despairing mind of the cart and the crowd, and cringing sometimes as if I already felt the slippery noose of the snared rope closing round the creeping flesh of my neck, thinking of the happy days of my innocent childhood, and feeling some consolation in my misery that my brother had not been condemned, and that my parents were both dead, and spared the shame and sorrow of their son's public execution. He closed the door and addressed some kind expressions to me, hoping that I was resigned to the great change that was approaching, and enquiring if he could do anything for my comfort or consolation. In a stout but low tone I replied, that I would rather get rid of the business without being hanged at all. He sat down on the block-stool, and we both remained silent for a few minutes, but there were looks passing between us, we were reading each other's hearts. At last he said, "Have you the money?"

"It's safe, every guinea of it," I replied, "but useless to me and to every one else, if I am to stay here the rest of my life. Moreover, I could not give it all, for there would be very little use in going out of the prison, if I had not the means of going farther and going faster; but I have sixteen hundred pounds for my friend, who would be a real friend."

"Mr. Vesey is gone," said the gaoler, "we are tolerably safe from his observation. I am running a great risk, but I will try the chance, I admit, in great want of money. Give me sixteen hundred pounds and I will allow your brother to pass through my rooms to the top of the prison, and to bring a rope ladder with him, he can descend into the yard, and there he will find a key which will open your cell, this can be done at twelve to-morrow night; and you may be far away before nine in the morning. Your brother will be here by-and-by, you can arrange with him; but there is no time to lose."

"My brother I replied shall have nothing to do with the business, except to bring the money. I shall not cross the wall, I must go out by the door, I must be let out, or I stay until I am disposed of along with the rest."

"It's impossible," said the gaoler.

"It's not impossible," I replied but very easy, if you can get a little assistance I must be sick, very sick, fever, gaol fever, is to be my complaint. I must die and be sent out in a coffin."

"No said he, 'there must be a real corpse; I think it can be managed; but I cannot have more than a thousand pounds for myself, and the remaining six must be divided between two others.'

"We agreed upon the plan, and for several days I was really sick, made so by artificial means—spirits, laudanum, tobacco, and other things were used in various ways. Eight hundred pounds were brought by my brother, and paid to the gaoler in the condemned cell. The other men were removed to another part of the prison. A last died, you under stand; and on that night a corpse was conveyed into my cell, by the gaoler himself; it was my size, and had been procured in the neighbouring burial-ground of "Bally's Acre," but, unlike the generality of such disinterments, it was to go back there again under my name."

(To be continued.)

England and the Ashantees.

Ashantees await with calmness the arrival of the big British host which will ride in railways up to the walls of Coomassie. Sir Garnet Wolseley has arrived, and although the sea was unusually calm there was a difficulty in getting ashore by the only means possible—in small boats. Soon after the new Governor-in-Chief got a shore he took the oath of allegiance, and then he held a平行 (the old game) with the chiefs, who are not so professedly in alliance with King Caffee. The preliminaries for bringing the "princes" together and getting them to keep quiet and listen in a circle to the honeyed, insidious words of the invaders were indications in the extreme. With the aid of interpreters Sir Garnet delivered himself of a speech which was too plausible to be swallowed even by Cape Coast savages. The Queen of England, he assured them, had heard with great concern the ravages of their enemies, the Ashantees. She had no thought in sending troops to the Coast but to assist, and to deliver them from their barbarous foes. But he wanted to know from the "king" what help they would give to the work if their own freedom, for, said Sir Garnet, the Queen does not help those who do not help themselves. "The war is yours, not ours." But the king were not caught with such chaff. They were still silent, and turned away, one with a sense of grave doubt and suspicion of the sincerity of "our Queen's" intentions.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES
OF THE IRISH NATIONALIST.IRISH NATIONALIST,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Published Every Saturday at No. 409 Washington Street, San Francisco.

NATIONALIST PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

The friends of Ireland and the friends of universal freedom have long felt the want on this coast of a newspaper which should rigorously exclude from its columns all matters not tending to the advocacy of their principles, the defense of their rights, the increase of their knowledge and numbers, the elevation of their sentiments and character, and the formation of an effective union among all sections, parties, creeds and classes of liberty-loving Irishmen and their allies.

To supply this want, as well as to contribute something towards the establishment of a Republic on Irish soil, and the spread of free institutions to every part of the earth, the NATIONALIST has been established. The importance of the work to be performed and the necessity of performing it well, have led to the formation of a Joint-stock Company of Irishmen, Irish-Americans and others, under the title of "THE NATIONALIST PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY." This Company undertakes to publish the NATIONALIST in future, and pledges itself that this newspaper shall be distinguished by the following characteristics.

1. The main object of the NATIONALIST shall be to assist in the establishment of a REPUBLIC on Irish soil. As means towards that end, it will incite the necessity of a cordial union among all sections of Irishmen, irrespective of creed, race or locality; the advisability of forgiving and forgetting past differences; the need that exists for harmony among the different organizations of Irishmen; the utility of expecting Irish liberty from any other source than Irish arms in Irish hands; the duty that is incumbent on Irish-Americans to sympathize with and assist their brothers at home; and the most efficient mode of rendering that assistance most conducive to its intended object.

2. It will advocate the cause of all oppressed peoples, and the right of every nation to its own autonomy.

3. It will favor the spread of Republicanism and free institutions among all nations, and oppose aristocracy and monarchy by every honorable means at its disposal.

4. In religion it will be strictly neutral, excluding from its columns all inflammatory references to religious and sectarian subjects. This is believed to be not only expedient, but necessary, as religious differences have been the bane of many generations of Irishmen. Provided, however, that current religious news may be inserted without prejudicial comments.

5. Sectionalism, or ignorant prejudices arising among men because of their coming from different parts of Ireland, shall be disintegrated, and its criminality exposed.

6. No line of the NATIONALIST shall ever be devoted to indulgence in unfriendly personalities. When, however, the principles of Irish nationality or of American republicanism are attacked, the attack shall be vigorously repelled.

7. In the politics of the City of San Francisco and of the State of California, the NATIONALIST shall be strictly neutral, regarding party affiliations as no cause for making any man a friend or an enemy; and it shall neither advocate nor attack the claims of any political party or individual when seeking political position, Federal, State or Municipal.

8. It will also be neutral, but friendly in its treatment of the internal affairs of the United States, but in reference to the foreign policy of the country, it will hold itself thoroughly independent.

9. A speciality will be made of giving publicity to all matters of interest to the Irish societies and military companies of the City and of the State.

10. The Labor movement and the respective rights and obligations of Workingmen and Capitalists shall receive that attention which their great importance demands.

The main object of this undertaking being the union of Irishmen with a view towards Irish independence, all the obstacles which might impede that union have, as far as possible, removed, so that the NATIONALIST might furnish a platform broad enough to give standing room to all genuine lovers of liberty, and there shall not be any deviations from these principles permitted in the columns of this journal under any circumstances. Among the stockholders of this Company are representatives of almost all the Irish organizations of California, whether religious, benevolent, literary or military. While we rely on our future performances rather than on present promises, while we believe ourselves competent, as well as determined, to repel the attacks of all enemies of our cause, and while we acknowledge having already received generous support, we yet invite the cordial cooperation of all to enable us to make the NATIONALIST take a front-rank place among the newspapers devoted to the service of Ireland and Liberty.

The above is the declaration of principles of the Nationalist Publishing Company pledges itself to carry out to the utmost of its ability; and, as this company is organized solely for that purpose, and not for any purpose of gain, it confidently appeals for support to all Irishmen who desire to see their native land an INDEPENDENT NATION, and likewise to all lovers of HUMAN FREEDOM.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Boots and Shoes!

GRAND REOPENING!

...OF...

M. WALSH.

No. 27 Third Street.

An Irish Eviction.

A MODERN PICTURE OF ENGLISH BARBARISM IN IRELAND.

[From the Cork Examiner.]

A few weeks since a very painful scene was witnessed at the eviction from their homes of a family consisting of nine persons. The eviction took place at a farm in the neighbourhood of Lisavagen about two miles from Killarney, and was conducted by Mr. Harnett, sub-sheriff, of that county. It appears that a farmer named Daniel Meara, of Killalea, went security in a bank for a farmer, named Bourke, the party evicted, for the sum of £25. Bourke being unable to meet the debt the interest in his farm was sold by the sheriff, and Meara became the purchaser. An ejectment was brought in the Superior Court against Bourke, to which no defense was made and judgment was awarded. The habere was issued, and under it possession was taken. It having become known in town that such a proceeding was to take place, and it being apprehended by the sheriff and Mr. Meara that resistance would be made, the sheriff communicated with the police to accompany him to the place. The sheriff with six policemen, under Constable Gurney, proceeded to Bourke's farm about one o'clock, P. M. No assemblage took place about the residence, and the only resistance offered was by a ferocious dog. The sheriff knocked at the door and received no answer, but soon after Bourke himself appeared and stated his intention of meeting that amount on certain conditions. This statement the sheriff said, was very fair, but Meara not being present he had to do his duty. On entering the house with the bailiff, the police met a man named Sullivan, who represented Meara, and then commenced to take possession. It was then that the scene became truly indescribable. The wife, with a babe of four months in her arms, became frantic. The children, the eldest of whom is eleven years, made their appearance; their aspect was a most painful one. The agitated wife, throwing herself on the ground, became almost insane, and burst out in the old Irish wail. Children were wailing with the mother, while the father stood looking on in silent misery. Indeed, but for the prompt attention of Constable Gurney, the wife would have put an end to her existence and to that of the infant in her arms. Those who witnessed the agony of the mother and the sobbing of the wretched looking children will never forget it. The sheriff could not stand unmoved; neither could the police—every heart was touched and expressions of sympathy from all present were heard. The very dumb animals refused to leave the homestead. When dispossessed, the family grouped themselves on the ground near their late home, having no place of refuge near; but the relieving officer, who was not present, received the proper notice of the intended eviction. The premises comprise a substantial slated dwelling house, with comparatively comfortable apartments, and the necessary out-houses, and are situated in a picturesque part of the country; but the greater part of the land is almost entirely unproductive, and that which is under cultivation is of a poor description.

The Marine Forces of Spain.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston "Post," of November 11, writes as follows: "Apropos of Spain, to-day's report of Captain James Forney, of the Marine Corps, whom Secretary Robeson sent over to Europe to inspect the relative strength and efficiency of the shipboard, soldiers of the leading nations, shows that Spain has 16,000 marines, and the marine corps is the highest branch of her service, the officers being uniformly selected from the nobility and the corps trained in colleges at Cadiz and Madrid. This large marine force is less efficient at present than before the revolution, the officers having become trading politicians; it is the second marine force, however, in the world, Great Britain having 14,000 and the United States only 3,000. The Spanish marines are divided between the infantry and artillery service. Thus Spain is twice as strong in ships as we, and has more than three to one of ship military. Captain Forney visited the Cadiz barracks only a few months ago. General Sherman, whose report has been seen to-day, shows that our army, like our navy, is down to twenty-five regiments and companies of fifty-nine men maximum, making less than 15,000 troops in the regular army. These considerations bode no help at present to the Cuban patriots."

Abd-el-Kader.

This famous Arab Chieftain is dead. He fought the French persistently for ten years, but was finally defeated by Marshal Bugeaud in 1843, and Abd-el-Kader capitulated, believing it is said, that he should be allowed to retire to Alexandria. This promise, however, was never fulfilled, and Abd-el-Kader was thrown into prison at Par, whence he was removed, in 1848 to the Castle of Ambrose, near Blois. Here he remained until the declaration of the Empire, in 1852, when Louis Napoleon released him on condition that he would never oppose French rule in Africa. The released captive kept his promise faithfully, and during the time of the Syrian massacres, in 1860, he treated with great kindness and consideration the Christians in the East, for which service he was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. He lived for many years at Roosa, and on its destruction by earthquake, in 1853, he received permission to live at Constantinople, whence he removed to Damascus.

The London "Times" has grown suddenly almost conciliatory in its tone as regards Ireland. It almost admits that the political prisoners ought to be released. It says: "It may be thought that the military prisoners have undergone sufficient punishment, and that they might without danger be excused from the remainder of their sentence. But in such a case the amnesty granted would be no longer political." Be it so: only let the prisoners be set free, and it won't matter what the amnesty is called.

The revolution in Panama is over, and amnesty proclaimed. General Correos, leader of the rebel forces, has sailed for Peru. A portion of the Cabinet is at war with the President and the Constituent Assembly is against him. Hence he threatens its dissolution at the point of the bayonet, if necessary.

Fresh negotiations have been set on foot with Denmark by the Prussian Government respecting the cession of Northern Schleswig. Denmark this time seems satisfied with the extent of territory offered her.

Advice from Anticosti state that of five hundred Newfoundlanders on the island, only one hundred are supplied with provisions.

Death Valley.

The Beaver (Utah) *Enterprise* has the following respecting a recent visit to this noted valley. The Valley of Death—a spot almost as terrible as the prophet's Valley of Dry Bones—lies just north of the old Mormon Road to California a region 40 miles long by 30 broad, and surrounded except at two points by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of a bird or wild beast never darkens its white, glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific Railroad engineers discovered it, and also some papers which showed the fact of the last Montgomery train, which came south from Salt Lake in 1850, guided by a Mormon. When near the Death Valley some came to the conclusion that the Mormons new nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader, and broke off from the party. The leader turned due west; so, with the people and wagons and flocks, he tramped three days, and then descending into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the center, but only the white sand bounded by scorching peaks met their gaze. Around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children crying for water died at their mother's breasts and with swollen tongues and burning vitals the helpless mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men tottered and died. After a week's wandering a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountain. It lasted but a short time, when all but two, who escaped out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions, of eighty-seven families, with hundreds of animals, perished there; and now, after twenty-three years, the wagons stand still complete—the iron-work and tires are bright, and the shriveled skeletons lie side by side.

The West Briton. Dr. Moriarty, of Kerry Left Out in the Cold.

The "Catholic Citizen" says it is believed that every diocese in Ireland will pronounce in favor of local legislation, with the exception, of course, of that presided over by Dr. Moriarty, whose principles and modes of thought are looked upon by pious and thoughtful men as a sad effect of mixed education; he having been educated in Trinity College Dublin.

We consider this later portion libelous, on Trin. Col. Dub. which produced so many good and patriotic Irishmen. The "Citizen" must discover other reasons for the principles? that did not think hell hot enough nor eternity long enough to punish Fenians?—Dr. Moriarty did not learn these in Trinity College!

[ED. I. N.]

An Interesting Relic.

Writing from Castletown Geoghegan, Ireland, a correspondent of the "Weekly News," says: "There was a very wonderful discovery at Lough Ennel recently. A boat, certainly belonging to a very remote age, and perhaps once the property of one of our faithful Kings of old, was discovered lying at about two and a half perches from Chiro Ennis, remarkable in history as being the place where many a warrior of old, and many a royal hero breathed his last. Here it was that Malachi, after the death of Brian, resided, and died in December, A. D. 1022. The boat is fully thirty-eight feet in length; its greatest breadth being two feet four inches." It is beautifully carved of one great beam of Irish oak, there being not even a gunwale attached, and is of an elegant shape. The boat was evidently scuttled, as there are four square holes in her bottom. Might it not be in this boat that Turgesius was drowned? Mr. M. Kenna takes the greatest care of her, as she may be associated with the good times of one thousand years ago."

English Civilization.

Child murders on a large scale are still to be heard of in England. A discovery has been made which leads the police to suspect that an establishment similar to that kept by Margaret Waters, exists somewhere in Camberwell or its neighbourhood. For some time past the bodies of dead children have been picked up in South London, all bearing marks of violence. Some workmen found in a house in County-terrace, Camberwell-road, a brown paper parcel containing the body of a child, wrapped in a portion of a calico petticoat. The body had been covered with lime so as to destroy all chances of identification; and this, it is stated, has been done so effectually that little or nothing of the features are discernable. Baby-farming is such a productive occupation for the fair daughters of England that they cannot be induced or frightened to abandon it.

An Incident of the French Invasion of Mexico.

General Forey's report, wherein he described the entry of the French troops into Mexico, is well known. It set forth that the inhabitants received the soldiers with transports of joy, and nearly smothered them with bouquets and floral crowns. Documents are now published where the costs of such flowers figures for a large sum in the budget of the then ephemeral Government of Mexico. Further, when Maximilian arrived, his eyes were opened; he saw the Mexicans viewed him in anything but the light of a saviour, and on the very day even of his fete he decided to abdicate, and this was his wife that snatched the pen out of his hand. Later followed the "notice to quit," served by the States on Napoleon III, and the double tragedy.

CAMP-MARTIN INCIDENT.—A correspondent writing from a Jersey camp-meeting, tells here: "Many people sleep in the same here; being separated only by partition. A young Methodist fellow, from Camden, had become quite interested in a pretty daughter of a religious farmer. Last night, while a dozen half-starved fellows were trying to sleep, they heard him say in a low sweet voice: 'No, James, I cannot. What would my father and mother say?' replied the sweet, girlish voice. 'But Caroline, you have promised to be mine—now let me seal the vow—let us do it now—won't you? Do kiss me!' 'No, James, I cannot, oh, I cannot!'—in a moment the partition parted, and a big-whiskered brother, who wanted sleep, shouted: 'For God's sake, Caroline, let him seal that vow. He'll keep us awake all night if you don't!' The vow was sealed."

In Indiana lately, there was a case of "obtaining a husband under false pretences." Joseph Henderson, suing for a divorce alleged that his wife entreated him by means of false hair, false eyebrows, false complexion, a big bustle and a deceitful tongue.

IRISH DIRECTORY.

Third (Irish) Regiment, N. G. C. Field and Staff Officers:—A. Watson, Colonel; M. C. Bateman, Lieutenant-Colonel; J. J. Conlin, Major; P. J. Tannian, Adjutant; W. C. Carson, Quartermaster; J. D. O'Conor, Paymaster; James Barnes, Commissary; Dr. Green, Surgeon; Rev. Father Langan, Chaplain; Col. Peter, John Gleeson.

Co. A. Montgomery Guards: Captain, G. Quinn; First Lieutenant, W. L. Sullivan; Second Lieutenant, T. Bolster; drill in Army Hall.

Co. B. Armor Guards: Captain, M. Flanagan; First Lieutenant, P. McElear; Second Lieutenant, drill in Hibernia Hall every Wednesday.

Co. C. Life Guards: Captain, R. Cler; I. G. Hayden; First Lieutenant; H. Fowles; Second Lieutenant; drill in Irish-American Hall every Thursday.

Co. D. Royal Guards: Captain, G. O'Brien; First Lieutenant, M. O'Brien; Second Lieutenant, John Byrne; drill in Hall corner Sixth and Market every Tuesday.

Sarsfield Guards, (Independents): Captain, H. C. Sullivan; Second Lieutenant, T. Sullivan; Second Lieutenant, drill in Army Hall.

Co. E. Emmet Life Guards: Captain, R. Cler; I. G. Hayden; First Lieutenant; H. Fowles; Second Lieutenant; drill in Irish-American Hall every Thursday.

Co. F. Royal Guards: Captain, G. O'Brien; First Lieutenant, M. O'Brien; Second Lieutenant, John Byrne; drill in Hall corner Sixth and Market every Tuesday.

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

"Nationality is no longer an unmeaning or despised name among us. It is welcomed by the higher ranks. It is the inspiration of the bold, and the hope of the people. It is the summary name for many things. It seeks a literature made by Irishmen and colored by our scenery, manners and character. It desires to see Art applied to express Irish thoughts and belief. It would make our music sound in every parish at twilight, our pictures sprinkle the walls of every nozzle, and our Poetry and History sit at every hearth. It would thus create a race of men full of a more intensely Irish character, and knowledge, and to that race it would give Ireland. It would give them the seas of Ireland to sweep with their nets and launch on with their navy, the harbors of Ireland to receive a greater commerce than any island in the world; the soil of Ireland to live on by more millions than starve here now; the fame of Ireland to enhance by their genius and valor. The Independence of Ireland to guard by laws and arms."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who is abject enough to despair of the Cause of Right, and Truth, and Freedom?"
JOHN MITCHEL, Oct. 25th, 1853.

BROWNSON'S REVIEW ON "THE IRISH RACE."

The "Monitor" of the 15th inst. presents it readers with an *in extenso* reprint of Dr. Brownson's review of a new work entitled, "The Irish Race in the Past and Present," by the Rev. Aug. Thebaud, S. J. The erudite doctor dismisses the work he has undertaken to crucify with a few cavalier compliments, and then proceeds to the main business of his essay, the development of his own views on the destiny and mission of the Irish race. He attempts to set Father Thebaud right on a few ethnological points, and enters into a tolerably lengthy dissertation with a view of placing the genesis of the Celtic clans at some period anterior to the complete separation of the Semitic and Japhetic families. This, it need scarcely be said, he fails to establish, entering as he does on regions where philology is helpless, under the sole guidance of speculation. The whole discussion seems at first somewhat irrelevant; and it is not till he begins to develop the rather startling theory, that the Irish branch of the Celtic family had located themselves in their fair Western island ere the taint of idolatry and grosser immorality had invaded their Eastern progenitors, that we discover the bent of his ethnological discussion. We must confess that it was not from Dr. Brownson that we would have expected such a handsome tribute to our vituperated race. If our memory be not at fault, the sons of Erin did not always occupy so high a place in the Doctor's interest and esteem. Have not such of them as sought a home on this continent been recommended, on the same authority, to Americanize themselves as soon as possible, that they may become worthy peers of that very people above whom he now seeks to elevate them? We are not even quite clear that Dr. Brownson's religious views have always been of so fervid a nature as to prompt him to the quixotic task of elevating an entire nation into a band of missionaries.

This brings before us the main purpose and drift of the entire essay, which is perhaps a more romantically absurd impossibility than ever fitted through the brain of Cervantes. Yet we find persons, presumably of average intelligence, publishing their hearty approval of the project; one notably, who eulogizes the Doctor's utterance by the somewhat quizzical announcement: "Monitor has spoken;" yet we find the editor of the paper in which the essay appeared, after offering the value of the treatise as an apology for the encroachment on his space, cordially and unreservedly endorsing every sentiment it contains. It is well for some people that their consciences are elastic, and their memories defective; but we must hope for the credit of Irish common sense that these published opinions have no echo in the popular mind.

Dr. Brownson gravely asserts, and, unblushingly attempts to prove, that the sole mission of the Hibernian race on earth is to evangelize the world, to carry the gospel to the remotest corner of the globe. He practically renounces our glorious palladium and watchword of liberty; Ireland for the Irish.

He counsels us to forget our native land, which he asserts has no existence, but is merely an "abstraction called country." He includes in one sweeping condemnation all classes of Irish patriots, every individual who would fail help his oppressed brothers. We quote his own words:—

"These patriots, whether called young Irelanders, Fenians, or advocates of Home Rule, are seeking to substitute a territorial sovereign for a personal chief."

They are, perhaps without knowing it, traitors to Irish civilization—to all that has distinguished the Irish race and constituted its glory."

Thus wantonly and in a few words, does he traduce and vilify that section of our people, of whom we feel most justly proud, and merely because he feels them to be, living or dead, insuperable obstacles to the completion of his argument, for beyond an argument, such a scheme can never advance. All it is a pitiable malice that throws dirt on brave men's tombs, forgetting that, though the dead are past all trouble, every indignity is a blow to their sorrowing friends.

Has Dr. Brownson never reflected on the adage that "Charity begins at home," and never was a home more in need of charity than

DUBLIN LETTER.

From our Own Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Nov. 1, 1873.

"No news is good news," may be a very wise saw-in the month of a man who has not to supply it; but I find that to have no news is simply awful. What I am too write about, I have scarcely a word to tell and yet the decree is inexorable "Write you must."

I'll try and give you gossip of any kind. First let me say that Dublin is becoming a city, where it is dangerous to walk at night. If you attempt to cross the city, you run the chance either of being robbed by English гарднер or beaten by high-born ruffians. High-born ruffians? some one will say on reading this, Yes, sir or Madam, I repeat, blackguard, who belong to the so-called upper class. The week before last, two Justices of the Peace (save the mark) were sentenced to imprisonment for waylaying and beating an inoffensive young man, in Sackville street. For weeks before, the daily papers had one and all been crying out for an example, and when those individuals were made responsible, every day in Dublin suppressed their names. Remember that though I can only give you a single instance of punishment, there had been numerous assaults of a similar character; and in the few cases in which the police had effected a capture, the offender had been let off with a fine, ranging from two to five pounds—a fine which was to a person of the position in which all these scoundrels were a mere bagatelle.

Mr. Kelly, the eldest son of the foreman printer of the *Freeman*, had been killed by an assassin of this character; the *Freeman* had, in two of three leading articles, demanded summary and stern punishment for such offenses; and where a case was summarily dealt with, it suppressed the offenders' names. An other dancer is, as I said, English гарднер—A band of these gentry have come over here to try their hands on the "Hirish;" they have done some mischief, but as three of them have been arrested, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude with hard labor, it is probable that they have not found us so green as they expected.

Dr. Brownson seems to have been conscious throughout of the weakness of his cause, and the slight favor it was likely to meet with from the class to whom it is especially addressed. Hence he intersperses his entire essay with laudations of the Irish race, often breaking off the thread of his argument to introduce some adroit flattery; much on the same principle, apparently, as we give children nauseous medicines artfully concealed in a spoonful of jam. A little girl who had been entrapped by this ruse, hearing her baby brother promised a similar treat, took the earliest opportunity of causing him as to the ultimate result; and our advice to the Irish people with regard to Dr. Brownson's insidious essay may be couched in the same words—"Don't you take it."

Let our readers reflect on the essayist's character for consistency, that most important qualification in an agitator of novel enterprises, and they will find it far from being firmly established. It is recent enough to be fresh in every one's memory how he urged the conformation of the Irish element in the state to the American standard; these very Irish whom he now concedes to represent the oldest civilization in the world. Then he urged them to Americanize themselves as quickly as possible. Now he admits that such a result is neither desirable nor attainable. Again we quote his own words:—"The Irish civilization, placed side by side with any other, is the stronger, more persistent, more normal, and with every earthly advantage against it, is sure to gain the victory—and again—"Ireland has been invaded and overrun, in one sense conquered, many times, but in all cases the Irish have succeeded in absorbing and assimilating their conquerors." It is difficult to place any reliance on the sincerity of a man whose opinions are subject to such sudden and violent fluctuations; especially when his exhortations tend to overthrow all that is most sacred and inviolable to the true Irishman.

Let the patriot who burns to remedy the crying evils of his native land, and who smarts under the accumulating wrongs of centuries, read such a sentence as the following, culled from many a similar one in the essay before us, and then pass his opinion on the advisability of throwing in his lot with this modern apostle of universal evangelization:—"They (the Irish) are to follow the English conquests and turn them into conquests of mercy." Doubtless a glorious destiny to map out for any people, had they no other duties; but the calls of kindred are paramount. The wail of our stricken land in the western ocean.

Strike a chord in every patriot's breast which is dumb to the touch, as it is by the comprehension, of such men as Dr. Brownson. That which to him is a "mere abstraction called country" is to the true Irishman a land of immemorial tradition, the field of his hopes, the goal of his aspirations, is father, mother, and kindred in one. To such a man how tamely craven sounds the advice of our essayist:—"The Irish need only wait patiently a few years longer." Will not the indignant memory of the hundreds of years of waiting endured by Ireland leap from his mind to his lips, and will he not stigmatize what Dr. Brownson terms "the advantages already gained" as dead sea fruit, which turn to ashes and bitterness on the lips that taste them?

The essay in question has been given considerable prominence by a pseudo-Catholic periodical of this city, doubtless for reasons best known to themselves, and the few remarks we have made on it will suggest themselves naturally to anyone who peruses it. It is painful to see any scheme, however necessarily abortive, borrowing the cloak of religion, in the vain attempt to excite enthusiasm in the popular mind, to the exclusion of that nearer and dearer duty which in truth should go hand in hand with religion, a perfect love for, and entire devotion to the land of our birth.

Coercion Act, which made the Viceroy an irresponsible despot, and the whole Irish nation at home his serfs. An enthusiastic vote of confidence in their representative closed that evening's proceedings.

Next day the Amnesty Meeting was held. It was one of the finest ever seen in Munster, and was attended by over forty thousand persons.

The Chair was taken by Mr. Lawrence Kelly of Moylish; Mr. Ronsomey M. P., Cork City; Mr. Michael Ryan of Buncrana; and Father Quaid of O'Callaghan's Mills, took part in the proceedings. Mr. Butt moved the second resolution, and in speaking of it, said that the conditions under which Mr. Gladstone had promised to release the prisoners had now arrived.

The country, as the judges had testified, was perfectly tranquil. Mr. John Daly seconded the resolution. I suppose some of you know him. He was arrested in Limerick in '66 and remained in jail for some time. He was then released but at the time of the "rising" was "wanted" badly, and had to leave the country. He subsequently returned, but I believe the police of his native town are not as yet thoroughly satisfied with the depth of his devotion to the British Empire.

At the Arklow Amnesty meeting yesterday a rather ludicrous affair occurred. Two Gs., perhaps some of you forget what Gs. are, well, two detectives, arrived from Dublin, with green scarfs, frock coats, etc. They proceeded straight to the place of meeting. Now Mr. Nolan, Hon. Sec. of the Amnesty Association, had promised that two gentlemen from Dublin, should attend as speakers, and the members of the Arklow Committee immediately came to the conclusion, that these individuals were the promised orators. Accordingly they forthwith pounced on the Castle spires, and placing the resolutions in their hands, informed them that time was up and that they should begin. The Gs. were not sure whether some practical joke was being played on them, or whether the Arklow people were in earnest; and as they were unwilling to disclose their true character, could only protest that they were unprepared to speak. The Committee took this to be baseness, and urged that they need not be afraid of criticism, that they must be able to speak or Mr. Nolan would not have sent them, etc. The situation was becoming embarrassing, when the arrival of some of the members of the Amnesty Association produced a disclosure of the real objects for which the noble pair had visited the town. The latter at once took to their heels, and were seen no more on the ground.

The National teachers have just held a conference, on the best means of securing an advance on their present pitiful stipends. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, presided over the meeting. The speakers were: Sir Dominic Corrigan, M. P., Johnathan Pim, M. P., P. J. Smyth, M. P., and Vere Foster. The general impression was that unless by a local rate in aid, there was no means of increasing the salaries. Speaking of Pim and Corrigan, the M. P. s. for Dublin, I am sure none of you will be sorry to hear that the political death-warrant of these persons is signed. They have utterly disappointed their constituents, particularly Corrigan, whose election address was of an extreme Radical not to say Communistic tinge, and whose first achievement will be to vote for a renewal of the Algiers Coercion Act, which oppresses the country.

All who have read his "Jail Journal," his "History of Ireland since the Treaty of Limerick," or his "Last Conquest (Perhaps)," will agree with us that Mr. MITCHEL is one of the most vigorous and original of living writers; a writer of whom Ireland may well be proud. His great literary powers have been steadily and unfailingly devoted to the service of Ireland; and we would regard it as a national loss that any of his writings should perish.

For these reasons it is that we propose to adopt the form of testimonial specified above.

Ireland has, never, heretofore, been wanting in gratitude to those who have suffered in her cause. To Irishmen of all classes, we confidently appeal to prove in this instance, by a great National Testimonial, that they are not ungrateful to the man who still remains an exile, charged with the one crime of having loved Ireland too well.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,
JOHN MARTIN, M. P.
P. J. SMYTH, M. P.
J. P. RONAYNE, M. P.

VERY REV. THOMAS BURKE, O. P.

Above we lay before our readers the address of the Committee of the Mitchel testimonial to the Irish race throughout the world. It comes from a number of John Mitchel's friends and admirers; men who have watched his efforts and sympathized with his suffering; and it proposes the twenty-fifth anniversary of his exile as a fitting time for his countrymen to mark their sense of the merit of the man, and their respect for the patriotism of the hero, by presenting him with a testimonial. The gentlemen who have taken the matter in hand have decided a pecuniary form to be the most suitable for the offering, and the address issued by the Committee, the reason of this preference is satisfactorily explained. The national Press throughout the country is strongly in favor of the movement, and the Dublin *Irishman*, in some remarks which we reprint, strongly urges all Irishmen to assist in the good work. In a communication we have received from John Dillon, Esq., Hon. Sec., it is proposed that local committees should be formed to receive contributions in places too remote for the forwarding of solitary subscriptions. The amount they ask for is not large, but the time within which they would wish it furnished is short. Were a local committee established here, we have no doubt but that many of Mr. Mitchel's countrymen and well-wishers would eagerly embrace the opportunity of testifying to his merits and their own admiration. In view of this we would strongly urge on our readers the immediate establishment of such a committee, and we have no doubt if a few gentlemen would undertake this duty but that they would find their exertions gratefully received by their countrymen both here and in Ireland. In the meantime, any contributions paid to this office will be forwarded to Dublin, and the names of the donors published.

THE IRISH NATIONAL MAGAZINE,
(CLEVELAND, OHIO).

The first number of the above periodical has been laid on our table, and it is with great pleasure that we recognize in it a valuable accession to the ranks of the Irish National Literature. We notice that the sickly paltering with abuses which disfigures too much of what is termed a National press, is conspicuously absent. The Magazine before us abounds from the outset all the direction from habit or prejudice, and fearlessly stands along the same path by which we have ourselves been advancing. Heartily and with open arms do we welcome it as a fellow laborer in the glorious cause of Irish Independence.

With regard to the subject matter of its pages, in addition to the extrinsic interest they possess for every Irishman, we find a carefully and judiciously compiled Miscellany of entertaining reading, consisting of essays, tales and poetry, by competent and eminently patriotic authors. The editorial department is full of interest, and the entire magazine has a paramount claim on the attention and patronage of the class to whom it is especially addressed, and whose rights it joins with us in advocating.

An additional recommendation and one we are sure all will enjoy, is the insertion of national music, a practice which we hope will be continued in each ensuing number. In conclusion, when we mention that the letter press is clear and the magazine elegantly finished in all points, we think that our readers will acknowledge in it a valuable accession to our cause.

We regret that the crowded state of our columns will not permit us to make any extracts in this week's issue.

A SIGH FOR KNOCKMANY.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Take, proud ambition, take thy fill
Of pleasures won through toil or crime:
Go, learning, climb thy rugged hill,
And give thy name to future time:
Philosophy, be keen to see
What's just, or false, or vain,
Take each thy need, but oh! give me
To range my mountain glens again.

There was the breeze that fan'd my cheek:
As o'er Knockmanny's brow I went:
When every lonely dell could speak
In airy music, vision sent:
False world, I hate thy cares and thee;
I hate the treacherous haunts of men;
Give back my early heart to me,
Give back to me my mountain glen.

How high my youthful visions shone,
When spann'd by fancy's radiant form;
But now her glittering bow is gone,
And leaves me but the cloud and storm.
With wasted form, and check all pale—
With heart long scared by grief and pain;
Dunore, I'll seek thy native gale,
I'll tread my mountain glens again.

They breeze once more may fan my blood,
They vallen all, are lovely still;
And I may stand, where oft I stood,
In lonely musing on thy hill.
But ah! the spell is gone—no art
In crowded town, or native plain,
Can teach a crush'd and breaking heart
To pipe the song of youth again.

SPIRIT OF THE IRISH PRESS.

"POOR IRELAND."

We wish people would give up the use of these words when writing or speaking of Ireland. Ireland, properly speaking, is not a poor country, for she is rich in her fertile land, in her good climate, in her hardy and industrious population, in the fisheries around her shores, and particularly in her splendid position on the globe. Her summer heat is not scorching, her winters do not prevent the farmer from working with the plough, and all the year round its population may be employed in working in one way or other on the land. Add to all these that her harbors are not surpassed, and that her rivers are capable of turning the machinery of the whole world, and it will be admitted that she is not properly described when people call her "Poor Ireland."

Her poverty has been forced upon her. She is like the traveller who is attacked and robbed by the footpad. England, her nearest neighbor, has got a footing on her soil, and year after year carries off the produce of her fields, and leaves her people in wretchedness. England governs her, and makes her pay a vast tribute for her misrule. She carries off of fully £20,000,000 a year, a sum which would reduce England herself to a low condition, if she had to pay it every year to France or Germany.

Some people may ask how is this plunder accomplished. We will tell them. During the month of October all the rent offices in the country are thrown open, and the farmers are obliged to sell corn and cattle to pay their rents to absentees, and once the business is finished, all the money, amounting to several millions, is swept off to England, to be spent there in employing English tradesmen and laborers. In October, also, the Inland Revenue offices are opened, and vast sums are paid in, in the shape of publicans' and other licenses, and of course all are carried off to England. And in October most of our woolen drapers and other dealers send their orders to English manufacturers for goods suitable for Winter, and Irish money is remitted to pay for them, and enable the English manufacturers to pay and employ innumerable workmen. When all this has been accomplished, in what position does it leave the farmer, the laborer, the tradesman, and most of the shopkeepers? It is not going too far to say that they find themselves stripped of all their earnings, and compelled to live on miserable food. Instead of enjoying the fruits of their toil, they exist in wretchedness, and poverty is their daily companion.

If Ireland, then, is "poor," her poverty has been forced upon her, and this she will be compelled to endure while her laws are enacted by a nation which has never respected justice when dealing with a weaker country. Her wealth is carried away; her riches are plundered. There is no remedy for such a state of things, but to seek for native rule, and Irishmen should prepare themselves for obtaining that great blessing, by closing up their ranks, and uniting in one great party for native government. Any other course will prove futile, because any country, ruled by the will of another nation in slavery and degradation. It can do little or nothing for its own benefit, and must suffer under the lash of the country by which its prosperity is destroyed.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

THE CASTLE CLOCK.

Perhaps, his Grace Archbishop Manning, who looking upon Ireland, with English eyes, saw our prosperity—as all English eyes do see it—would explain some figures which it puzzles us (more Irish) to reconcile with that radiant view.

There is a particular set of men, put apart in some corner of the Castle, for the express purpose of registering how many Irish marry, are born, died, and go away. These men form a sort of clock, annually wound up, which strikes every quarter of a year the number of our gains and losses. It makes but little noise, when it strikes—so little that, though the numbers given are to be discerned by the sharp Irish ear, they appear to be totally inaudible across the Channel—no English ear ever can perceive them, somehow.

This strange Castle-clock has some resemblance to the famous clock of Strasburg—where figures representing the four stages of life come

forth, at fixed time, make a formal bow to the public, and disappear. The Castle-clock thus puts forth figures representing Birth, Marriage, Emigration and Death.

The wonderful clock at Strasburg, on certain holidays, sends forth figures representing the Apostles, which slowly promenade round before the admiring crowd. Of course, it could not be expected that, in these days of liberal enlightenment, anything precisely similar should be allowed in official precincts. But a notable device replaces it.

On certain high holidays, inscribed in the Castle Calendar in red letters, on days when Cattle are gathered together, and when Mayors dine, the wheels of the Castle-clock are heard to whir, its hands move—and then forth comes a set of figures representing a Viceroy and his suite. Perhaps some critical eye may detect something stiff in the movements, and wooden in the figures, but the figures plainly feel themselves above criticism. The apparent Viceroy keeps fixedly on his fixed way, and at a given moment strikes the gong, and knocks out the numbers which tell the world how many Irishmen are gone from Ireland, how many acres of her soil have become waste, how many fluctuations her cattle-trade has suffered. Then making his bow to the public, he utters in various keys the words: "Irish Prosperity"—and rotating slowly on his axis, returns within the Castle-clock, and is lost for a while to an amused and gaping crowd.

But the sound of his words long remain reverberating on the air, fading and flushing, vanishing and reappearing, until they faint away beyond human ken to stifle the denizens of the nearer stars, and make the wandering comet constituents of the error of its ways.

The latest numbers, struck by the brazen voice of the Castle-clock, are not, indeed, more startling than usual—not yet at startling to an English ear—but yet too important for an Irish man to miss.

During the quarter ending with last March (for the Castle-clock is always long behind time) there were registered in Ireland 38,855 births, and 30,882 deaths. The births, therefore, were more than the deaths—and Irishmen might begin to exult (if that were all) and declare there might be something in "Irish prosperity" after all. But they would be, by far, too hasty—for they should understand by this time that the case were simply so, that would not be "Irish prosperity."

There is something more: There were 12,726 emigrants who left Ireland. This re-establishes the balances and saves the country from increasing in men. During this quarter, therefore, a decrease of 4,757 at the least, has taken place in the population of Ireland. This interesting fact will prevent English journalists from lamenting over our misfortunes, and enable English viceroy still to chant the words: "Irish Prosperity."—*Dublin Irishman.*

HOME RULE.

"If Englishmen believed that Home Rule would benefit Ireland, they would concede it gladly." So writes the "Thunderer" of Printing House Square. And are we then to be told that our welfare, our lives and liberties, are to be eternally at the mercy of the English nation! Must concessions be doled out to us as if we were a vile and slavish race unable to appreciate even the rudest elements of common sense? Is it not degrading, debasing, and most insulting to the nation's intellect to be told that if Englishmen believed that Home Rule would benefit our country they would concede it most gladly? Not a concession do we ask, but a right do we demand. We deny that it is within the legitimate scope of England's duty to grant or to withhold this boon. Ireland demands it as a nation, and must have it. We do not measure our national standing at a lower level than that of England herself. We proudly declare that Ireland as a nation though blurred and clouded by oppression is not extinct. She is as full of life and vigor and intellectual activity to-day as when the Constitution of '82 proclaimed the independence of our land, and her gallant sons, clad in historic green and marshalled under the emerald folds of the national standard, nobly challenged the polluting presence of the invader. We cast back indignantly into the teeth of our Saxon enemies the taunt that we must approach in humble guise to the throne of English opinion, and meekly ask the restoration of our plundered rights. Not as suppliants, but as equals shall we stand before the English nation, but as our equal, determined to uphold and to defend our rights at every cost.

Great indeed is our degradation when the organs of English opinion in England treat us with the same contempt as if we were children crying for a holiday. But we are resolved that this shall cease. Our destiny shall depend not on the whims and caprices of stolid Englishmen, but shall rest in our hands. Every day brings fresh contingents to swell the ranks of the national cause. On every hill, from the historic lands of O'Neill and O'Donnell to the fertile domain of Thomond, from the rock bound coast of Leinster to the craggy heights of wild and romantic Connemara, hoists the banner of freedom, proclaiming with no uncertain voice the stern resolve of an united people to wrench asunder the bonds that hold them fast. The voice of Tyrone is as deep and loud as that of Kerry; Monaghan is not less expressive than Cork, and the watchword of independence thundered forth in Tipperary finds a responsive echo in Derry and Donegal. The Irish people have too long borne in patience the arrogant oppression of an English rabble. Too long have they quietly submitted to degradation unparalleled save in Poland's history, but now at last are they resolved that the sad and bitter chapter of degradation shall close. In no hostile spirit do we demand emancipation. We stand upon the platform of equality with the English people, and tell them in broad and independent language what we mean to have. We ask not the management of English affairs, we ask not to dictate to them in matters peculiarly and politically their own. We acknowledge their right to look after their own interests, and thus same right is ours with regard to the management of our affairs, and we shall have it. Ireland and Ireland's welfare we understand much better than Englishmen can possibly do. In demanding Home Rule we ask no concession. We deny the right of England to grant us concession. Frequently has it been trumpeted before the world that we are equal before the Constitution, with Englishmen and

Scoichmen. We assuredly hold that we are, and hence we repudiate with scorn the pretension of Englishmen, as assumed in their leading organ, that they would grant us Home Rule if they thought it would benefit us. The Irish people alone have the right to judge the matter, and hence we repudiate with scorn the arrogance and impertinence of our would be patrons. Never in the whole course of our long and troubled history were we so fairly bent on a great purpose as we now are on wrenching from oppressors' hands our country's independence, but we shall emphatically deny that in the struggle we are contending for a privilege. We demand as a right legislative independence, but would scorn to accept it as a boon from an English Parliament. The voice that spoke a solemn warning in '82 has in our day lost neither its strength nor its earnestness—*Ulster Examiner.*

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD. It is to be hoped that the prompt action of the Home Rule Association in reference to the recent circular of the Local Government Board to clerks of unions will teach the latter body to consider a little better what are really its legal powers. If it be an arbitrary, irresponsible body, with despotic powers, of course it may adopt any measures it chooses until the public see fit to put a limit to its authority. But if, as is popularly supposed, it is acting on clearly defined law, then that law must be applicable to one case as well as another. Three years ago, as Mr. Duncombe pointed out, Boards of Guardians were virtually encouraged to petition in favor of the Land Act. A decent sort of pretext was found in the suggestion that the land question was relative to the poor law. But what law is it that Home Rule is not cognate with? The real difference is that the Local Government Board, in the pure bureaucratic spirit, toadied to Government feelings, and sanctioned discussion of the one question because the Government was likely to be aided by it, and disconveniences the other as inconvenient, if not hostile to the government. And the way they done this is ingeniously mischievous, placing the clerk in an invidious position, compelling him to decide on his own responsibility questions which of right only belong to the body whose officer he is. There are, it must be admitted, grave objections to having Boards of Guardians constantly or frequently engaged in settling politics; there would be yet graver objections to shifting the mouths of these important bodies altogether when deep interests are at stake. Worst of all would it be to compel the guardians should or should not be allowed to do so. Yet this is what was sought to be effected by the inconsequent action of the Local Government Board against which the Home Rule Association have protested.—*Cork Examiner.*

At the Belfast Police Court on the 21st ult., a man named James Wilson was charged with having been drunk and disorderly. On the way to the office he made use of party expressions by shouting "No Pope." Fined 40s. and costs. John M'Connell was charged at the suit of the constabulary with having been drunk and disorderly; and making use of language calculated to lead to a breach of the peace by shouting "Hurrax for Home Rule" on the same day. Fined 40s. and costs. Henry W. Williams was charged with similar offence, and fined in a like penalty.

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THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

"Audi Alteram Partem."

"Hear both sides" is a wholesome advice, and, in accordance with the sage counsel, we invite attention to the English view of the Irish cause. We think our people are too sanguine when they expect England to lighten their load and allow them to retain the fruits of their own industry. Let us be reasonable, and ask ourselves—"Does history furnish an instance of one neighboring nation dealing charitably with another when able to do otherwise?" The gentleman who, after a little alteration, possessed himself of the weary traveller's purse does not feel called upon to consult his victim's inclination as to the disposal of the contents. History teems with information on things of this kind. The powerful, as we read, have always exacted from those unable to resist impositions. Indeed, we learn from every page of history that nothing was more common than the robbery of one people by another. In fact, spoliation has ever been the rule, and equity the exception, among the most enlightened governments of the earth. Whoever could circumvent a weak neighbor, and make him glad to purchase life at the expense of freedom, was regarded of old as a distinguished personage; and hence what is termed ancient history is an elaborate compilation of the achievements of warriors, conquerors, and accomplished statesmen, or, as some call them, rascists, murderers, and astute robbers.

The Jews were long a free people. They were commanded to pay tithes and first fruits only to the Lord. They were charged, in the selection of a King, not to put a stranger to rule over them. Consequently, when they were brought into subjection to the Romans, they looked with horror on the robbery of the Temple by Pompey and Crassus, the imposition of taxes by subsequent generals, and the settled payment of tribute to Caesar. Their religious scruples were still further outraged by the payment of the penny with the image upon it, contrary to the Divine law against images. Under these circumstances, a powerful section of them, called Zealots, were urged by a strong impulse to rebel, and, like their glorious predecessors, the Maccabees, free themselves from the slavery and bondage of strangers. They justly reasoned that if any people could lawfully rebel, the Jews, who were God's chosen people, were clearly entitled to that privilege. In their opinion, the argument was all on their side. The Herodians and the Pharisees—the placeholders and place-beggars of the time—saw things in another light. They extolled the advantages of alien rule, and denounced the Fenian Zealots as disturbers of the peace and the enemies of real liberty. They cleared away the image difficulty easily enough. It was on the penny for a civil not a religious purpose. The conqueror had a right to tribute, and his image on the coin was merely a sign of his dominion and their subjection. In a word, the rule of the foreigner was mildness itself. What, if he extorted as much from them as did Pharaoh from their ancestors? Was his yoke half as heavy as Solomon's in his old age, or his son's, whose little finger was weightier than all? It was the blackest ingratitude to complain of paying a slight tribute to the Emperor, who kept his legions ready to secure and protect property, and his garrison in every town to prevent disturbance. It was nonsense to say that they had not liberty. Did not Caesar permit them to keep their Sabbaths, Circumcision, and their Synagogues? and did he not prohibit the collection by the publicans on the Sabbath day, and order that the tax should be taken from believers the day following? Thus argued the friends and supporters of alien rule against their own countrymen. They who had hold of the loaves and fishes were satisfied with things as they stood, and detested the idea of any change that pointed to an equality of privileges. But the honest Heathen representative of Caesar, Agrippa, according to Josephus, silenced opposition in a few words. "It is," said he, "now out of season to desire your liberty; you should have rather long since striven not to have lost it; for it is a hard thing to undergo slavery, and it is a lawful strife to withstand; but when a man is once overcome, and has yielded, and then rebels, he is not said to be a lover of his liberty, but to be a rebellious subject." The very words the London Times at present uses in reference to the Irish.

Making a little allowance for the change of manners, one must confess that there is nothing new in politics since the time of Caesar. We have no Whigs or Tories more desirous for the continuance of the rule of the stranger than were the Heodians and Pharisees in their day. And we should like to know if the representative of Royalty here could express himself less offensively when lecturing the Nationalists on their impatience under a foreign yoke than did Agrippa the Zealote in the name of his sovereign. The very arguments Agrippa advanced in support of foreign rule are those in use at the present hour. The rights of the sword—the privileges of the strong—were the pleas put forth on the part of Caesar. What substitute have any modern powers found for them? The Prussians hold two French provinces against the will of the natives on no other grounds. The Italian robber holds his neighbor's goods exactly by the same tenure. Taking a calm survey of the whole case, then, we must confess the outspoken Tory organs appear to us to contrast favorably with the hypocritical Whigs when dealing with the Irish question. They scorn to appeal to any argument save brute force, and they are right, for no other would suit the case. The sword brought Ireland into the service of England, the sword holds her against her will in servitude, and it is not to be supposed that in the absence of a stronger motive than simple justice the old system will be abandoned.—Connaught Ranger.

The National Testimonial.

The perfect harmony which characterizes the co-operation of all parties in the good work of fostering the Testimonial to John Mitchel will inspire us, trust, an earnest desire in Irish hearts to labor in its promotion.

A great deal may be done quickly by local organizations, and these are necessary in order to enable many willing persons to overcome certain obstacles. Separately, they may not think it worth while to forward their quotas, a money-order office may not be convenient; in fact, many things may conspire to make them overlook or forget to postpone indefinitely their good intentions. Hence, the value of a local committee—whose members acting as collectors would take charge of the scattered quota, and then combining them together would send them direct to the Committee in Dublin, whose address we give elsewhere.

Nothing in this prevents those who wish to send their contributions direct to Dublin from doing so; on the contrary, they will find there true hospitality. The greater the number, the greater the welcome.

Though the first fortnight of the Central Committee's existence has been full of stir and encouragement, we would urge upon all who sympathize with the movement to be active and to avoid delay. The anniversary year is fast running out.

A quarter of a century ago this year, this Exile was forced to leave the shores of Ireland. All that he has ever seen of Ireland since has been the green shamrocks that have been sent to him on the five-and-twenty St. Patrick's Days which have come and gone since that fateful day, when the mountains of Kinsale sank beneath the ocean's verge. Other Exiles have been restored to their countries after much briefer banishment. The name of Kosuth excited enthusiasm when Mitchel was in Ireland—but Kosuth has long since enjoyed all the pleasures of home-life in Hungary, whilst Mitchel is still an Exile from his native land. He stands alone amongst the Exiles of the world—alone upon a foreign shore.—Dublin Irishman.

MARKET REPORT.

[Corrected to Friday, November 20.]
Wheat, California, \$100 lbs Coast, \$2 15 @ 2 30
" Milling 22 1/2 @ 2 27 1/2
Barley, \$100 lbs 1 35 @ 1 37 1/2
Oats, California, \$100 lbs 1 60 @ 1 60
Corn, \$100 lbs 1 35 @ 1 40
Flour, Superfine, \$1 bbl. 5 50 @ 5 75
Extra 6 75 @ 7 00
Buckwheat, \$100 lbs. 2 25 @ 2 50
Barley, \$100 lbs 19 00 @ 20 00
Middlings, \$100 lbs 30 00 @ 30 00
Beans, \$100 lbs 2 15 @ 2 70
Potatoes, 90 @ 1 05
Onions, \$100 lbs 1 87 1/2 @ 2 05
Hay \$1 ton, ordinary 14 00 @ 14 00
" extra 20 00 @ 20 00
Butter, California, extra 60 @ 62
" ordinary 45 @ 45
Cheese, California 15 @ 17
Eggs, California 58 @ 60
Eggs, Oregon 55 @ 60
Eggs, Eastern 40 @ 45

JOHN HAYDEN,
IXL MARKET,
COR. FOURTH AND PERRY STS.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

AMERICAN BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, LAMB, PORK, AC
OF THE BEST QUALITY, CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
FRESH VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS DAILY

ALSO, CUREER AND DEALER IN
California Sugar-Cured Hams

Bacon, Pork, Lard,
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Etc.

Hotels, Boarding Houses and Groceries supplied with
Meats, Hams, Lard and Bacon, at the Lowest Rates.
(no 15-16)

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TRADE MEDICAL INSTITUTION
DR. BREAN,

DR. PAUL M. BREAN,
Physician, Surgeon and Lecturer,

AT PHILADELPHIA, THE FOUNTAIN HEAD
of all medical science in this country, who has spent the last thirteen years in travelling through all the principal cities in Europe and the United States, giving lectures and treating some of the most complicated and long-standing diseases, has now permanently located himself in San Francisco, etc.

Montgomery Street,
Opposite the Occidental Hotel entrance. Although DR. BREAN may differ considerably in his practice from many members of the Profession, yet he is possessed of the highest credentials from the most learned and celebrated physicians in the country; and all who have attended his lectures have witnessed the clear and lucid manner in which he defines every portion of the human frame, giving the reasons for the various diseases which the tissues of the human body are subject to, and the best mode of treatment. His lectures are to be had at the simple aid of a black-board, thereby proving himself to be thoroughly acquainted with the anatomy of the human configuration. On these lectures the Press of all our large cities have placed the highest encomiums of DR. BREAN, and he is highly recommended by the leading physicians of the day. He has devoted much of his time and research to the diseases of the nervous system and reproductive organs, and also to the diseases of the heart and lungs. His practice is now very large, and he has several nurses in his office for that purpose. DR. BREAN spent several years in Europe, where the best facility is offered for the thorough investigation of the cause of these most complicated diseases. Nasal Catarrh and other diseases of the throat and chest, have also been the subject of some of his lectures, and are common throughout the country. The Doctor, therefore, offers his services with confidence to all the afflicted of humanity who may suffer from any of the complaints incidental to the human frame. In addition to his own professional office and consultation, the Doctor has also several parlors affording every convenience for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen separately.

Office, 127 Montgomery street, opposite the Occidental Hotel entrance. Office hours—9 to 12 and 1 to 5; in the evenings 6 to 8.

Correspondence will be promptly answered, and a list of printed questions forwarded to patients in any part of the United States, and by the answers DR. BREAN can tell the disease almost as readily as by seeing the patient. Post Office Box 291.

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All kinds of Salt, including Rock and Ground, also Liverpool, constantly on hand and for sale.

PACKED IN EVERY STYLE OF PACKAGE

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Keep constantly on hand the best quality of
WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

ALSO—Superior Brandy Old Bourbon Whisky, Old
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Irish Whiskies. Also, Pure Holland Gin and James
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FREE BATHS.

FRIDAY.

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No. 321 Pacific Street,
CORNERS OF SANSONE AND BROADWAY.

This is the first-class building, newly erected, and
well situated. The rooms are comfortable, with San
Beds, and well arranged for families or single persons.

Board and Lodging per week, from \$5 to \$6.

DOWNEY & BERMINGHAM. Proprietors.

Passengers and Baggage conveyed to the House free of
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MANHATTAN HOUSE.

105 and 107 Front St., between Pacific and Broadway.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Board and Lodging per week, \$4 50.

Board, per Day, 75c.

Good accommodations for Families.

N. B.—This House has just been renovated.

Free Coach to the House.

JAMES O'CONNOR. Proprietor.

(Formerly of the Central House.)

1000 ft.

MONTGOMERY'S HOTEL.

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This Hotel is conducted on Temperance Principles
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Table is always supplied with the best market
produce, and the comforts of a home will be spared to give guests the
comforts of a home.

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St. Meds Tickets for...

1 00

Board and Lodging per week, 4 00

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Superior accommodations for families. All the rooms
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